

A DAY IN THE ALHAMBRA.

The Day of Days in Spain.

February 2, 1901.

Special Correspondence.

To describe anew the Alhambra, already a thousand times described, would be like "carrying coals to Newcastle." We are not going to attempt it—the reader and I; but with Irving's and Gautier's vivid description in hand, (both writers having had the advantage of living long in Grenada), will wander at random through the wonderful halls and gardens and patios—avoiding "guides" as a pestilence, though sometimes losing ourselves in the marble forest of pillars whose carved foliage and pendant fruits and flowers, all richly colored, green, orange and blue, are fresh as if wrought this year, though many centuries old. As a preparatory measure, like the a dozen or so of the most famous accounts of the Alhambra, and perhaps, after your eyes have become somewhat accustomed to the glories of the place, you spend days in trying to find some book or corner which has escaped historical pens and pencils—some hidden parvise that may be viewed from a different angle of vision. Vain effort! Too many enthusiasts have been here before you—not only tourists of ordi-

its adjuncts and surroundings. First, its situation is the most picturesque in Europe, with the snow-mountains on one side, the boundless plain on the other, and the Darro, far below, tumbling through wild canyons to meet the wilder Xenil. The Darro, spanned by a Gothic bridge and then by a broken Moorish arch, as it rushes from its mountain gorge through the town, is lined with the quaintest of houses, all mossy with age, leaning, bracketed over the torrent, as if they might topple in at any minute. Balconies are thick upon every wall and every balcony is ablaze with bright hued garments, hung out to dry in the sunshine; while all the parapets are lined with huge red vases in which purple hyacinths and yellow gladioli are growing, flanked by boxes of pinks and trailing nasturtians. And then the mediaeval towers and churches and fortifications, and the

GREAT CATHEDRAL

in which the first Christian sovereigns of Grenada sleep side by side; the rich foliage and flowers; the forests of cypress and elm, the abundant fountains, the murmuring streams, the Vega-green as emerald, shut in on two sides by beautiful mountains, backed by the Sierra Nevada, one sheet of untarnished snow too dazzling to look upon under this bright blue sky. What picturesque figures are constantly pass-

crowd of our Savior as he hung upon the cross. Again you tarry beneath the great Arabian arch of the gate of justice and study the gigantic hand and key engraved above it. Those who claim acquaintance with Mahometan symbols affirm that the hand is the emblem of doctrine.

THE KEY OF FAITH,

and that both hand and key were emblazoned on the Almohades standard, in opposition to the Christian emblem of the cross, when the Moslems subdued Andalusia. Some see the Oriental symbol of power in the sculptured key, referring for proof to Isaiah xxii, 22, and others the key of David, described in Revelations iii, 7. Others point to the "power of the keys" in the Koran, by which the prophet opened the gates of heaven and hell, and the symbolical sign of knowledge—"the key by which Allah unlocks the hearts of true believers." For ourselves, let us stick to the local tradition—that the Moorish king who built the Alhambra was a great magician, who had sold himself to the devil, and through some hocus-pocus, laid the whole mighty fortress under a spell, through the magical device of the hand and key. By virtue of this spell, the Alhambra has withstood the wars and storms and earthquakes of centuries, almost unharmed, while almost all the other buildings of the Moors have fallen to ruin and decay. But some day the spell will be broken; the great stone hand will reach down and grasp the key, and then the whole pile will tumble to pieces, and all the Moslem treasures buried beneath it will be revealed.

Passing beneath the double arches of the portal, through the two leafed doors of bronze, which still swing on their pivot set into the ground, exactly as when of olden times the conquering army went through—we step at once into an-

loom. It would seem that the Arabs, in changing their wanderings for a settled life—in striking the tent to plant it in a more solid form—had transferred the luxurious shawls and hangings of cashmere which adorned their former dwellings, to the new temple, changing the tent pole for the marble columns, the silken tissue for gilded plaster. Between the flowers and designs, on every inch of wall, appear sentences from the Koran, intended to keep its maxims constantly in the hearts of beholders. Thousands of times this motto occurs: "Wa-la ghaliba illa Allah"—"There is no conqueror but Allah"—the words which Ibn-A-Amar answered to his subjects when they came forth to meet him as he returned victorious to Grenada. Over and over again we read, (that is if we understand the Cufic characters), "Allah is our refuge in every trouble." "The glory, the empire, belong to Allah." "Praise be to Allah for the blessings of Islamism." "There are no gifts among you but those of Allah." A perpetual empire for the owner of this palace. "Glory to our Lord the Sultan Abdul Hachach, (Jesuf I.) prince of the Muslims, or Abu Abdulla Mohamad Y. II." There is no doubt that the Moors were

INTENSELY RELIGIOUS,

in their own way; and yet in those very rooms, whose walls were inscribed with sacred sentiments, what tragedies have been enacted—what scenes of cruelty, lust and barbarity! The Hall of Ambassadors, the largest in the Alhambra, occupies the whole of the tower of Comares and is 75 feet high. This was the throne-room of the Caliphs. Its walls are of immense thickness, so that the window recesses are like small rooms. The ceiling was originally a wonderful stucco, inlaid with mother of pearl, porphyry and jasper; but most of this has been destroyed, and like King Solomon's palace, it is "oiled in

beyond, where certain dark stains are shown, said to be the blood of the thirty-three warriors so treacherously murdered; and the story goes that their ghosts yet haunt the palace. At any rate, the deed led to the overthrow of the kingdom, for the other disaffected chiefs at once went over to the army of Ferdinand and Isabella, which was already encamped against Grenada. In this Hall of Ambassadors, Ayeshah girded her son with a sacred sword, with which he was to repel the invaders. But going forth, he accidentally struck his lance against the gateway and broke it—an evil omen which con-

vinced his dispirited followers that Allah had turned away his face. The siege was long and threatened famine and the conquest. So it was that Boabdil delivered up the keys of the fortress to Ferdinand, saying: "They are thine, oh king, since Allah so decrees it." Who was it wrote the poem of which I can now recall but this? "Down from the Alhambra's minarets Were all the crescents flung; The arms thereof of Aragon and Castile they display. One king came in in triumph, one weeping goes away."

FANNIE B. WARD.

THE EXCHANGE OF CHILDREN.

Have you any children you would like to exchange? Not permanently, of course, but long enough to afford a wholesome bit of rest to both sets of children and both sets of parents.

In Berlin, Germany, where various other good ideas are in operation, the transfer of children is already an established system. City children are exchanged for country children, and vice versa.

The children of the city poor are usually fated to stay in the place where they were born, without any opportunity for change into a country life. Country babies are likewise confined by their poverty to a very small territory.

It is to benefit these two classes that the scheme of transfer was arranged. The city children are by this plan given the physical benefits of a free out-of-door life; they learn to use their wits; their powers of observation are sharpened, and their senses, dulled by the easy convenience, the closeness and

narrow horizon of towns, have a chance to expand and strengthen.

The country mouse, on the other hand, vegetating on the small farm, is waked up and directed to look about. He sees more in ten minutes than he has ever seen in the ten years before, and also more than the city child would see in ten days, dulled by familiarity, as he is.

The plan of exchange has so far worked well and promises to be of the greatest significance, physically and mentally, in the education of the poor.

In Chicago, this plan has been in vogue for several seasons, but in a very small way owing to the limited funds at hand and the lack of general public interest.

The nearest approach to this idea in New York is the exchange of beats between letter carriers. These transfers are made between the men delivering in the wealthy and attractive parts of town and those who have grown dispirited by their work in the slums and the tenements. The plan has greatly increased the letter carriers' endurance and health, mental as well as physical.

The Berlin exchange is very useful suggesting to the children ideas of their future occupations. The fresh air fund has demonstrated this, a large number of the city's poor having stayed on in the country to work for their living.

The parents of these children have been very greatly benefited by the situation of little ones whose faults are of their own children. Many of the children after being deprived of the child's previous life, in the whole of it.

The children exchanged behave much better during the first few days in the new surroundings, and after that strangeness wears off and they begin to prove that the irritable fretting, and crying and chronic disobedience in most cases was simply due to nervous reaction and fatiguing excitement.—Chicago Times-Herald.

WHAT'S IN A NAME.

The following, from Punch, might well have been taken bodily from an American periodical:

He—Oh, pray, Miss Dalrimple, don't call me Mr. Brooks.

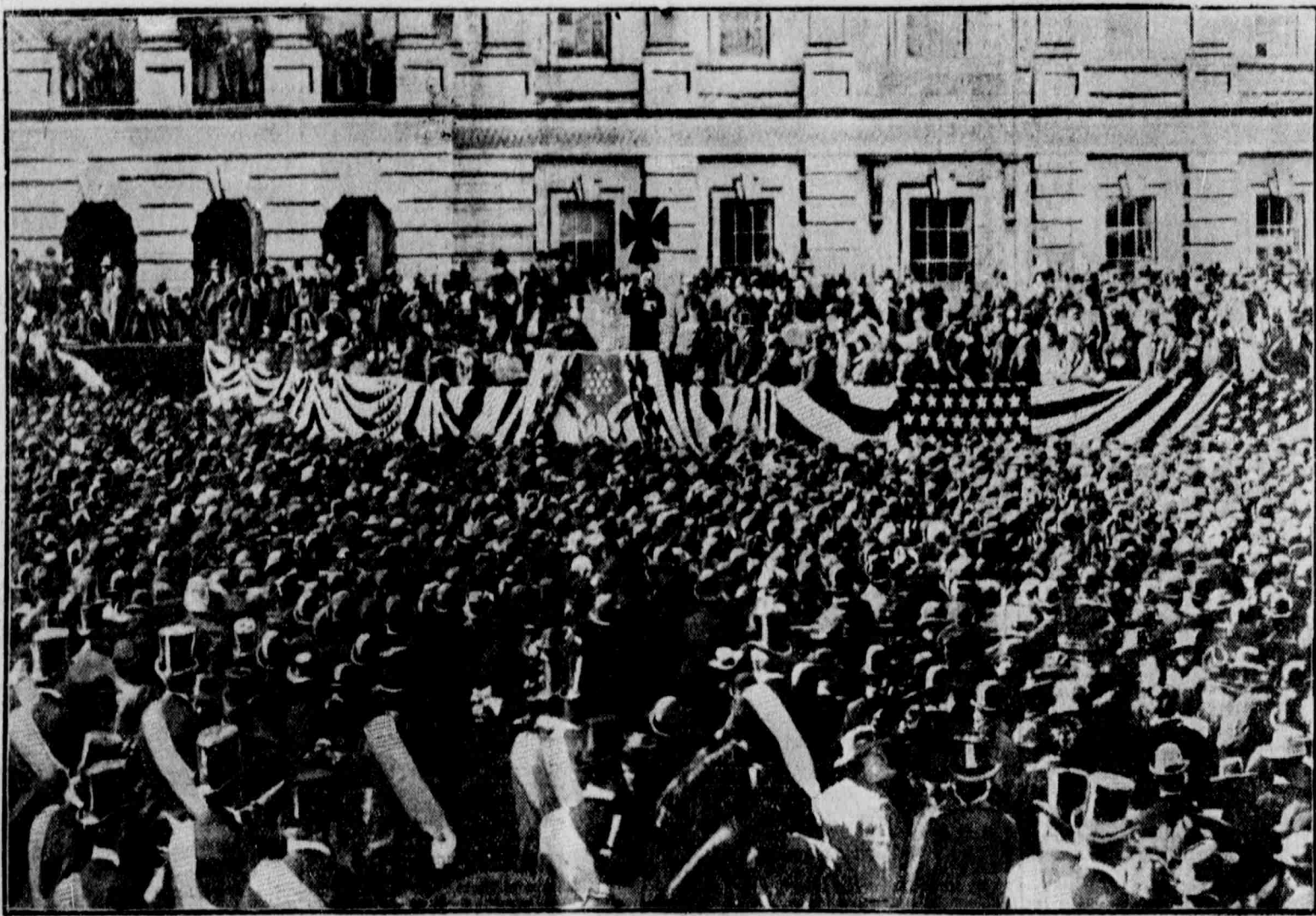
She—But our acquaintance has been so brief. This is so sudden—(Sneezes.) Why shouldn't I call you Mr. Brooks?

He—Oh—only because my name is Somerset.—January "New" Lippincott.

PORTABLE BREWERY.

The little beer tablets that have lately come into use of the German style are considered a desideratum. A little of the popular beverage can carry of the tablets, dropped into a glass of water, instantly converts it into a glass of foaming beer.

Minneapolis Tribune: It is time for Congress to give the country an effective pure food law.



HOW MCKINLEY WILL AGAIN TAKE OATH AS PRESIDENT.

On the spot marked by a Maltese cross on the inaugural platform now in course of erection over the broad stairs leading to the eastern entrance to the Capitol, Hon. William McKinley will for the second time take the solemn oath of office as President of the United States. This oath will be administered, as it was four years ago, by Chief Justice Fuller, of the Supreme court, robed in silken gown, in the presence of the similarly robed associate justices of the Supreme court, of the members of the President's cabinet, of the senators and representatives in Congress, of distinguished officers of the army and navy, of as large a number of American citizens as can find standing room on the Capitol plaza, and with the gorgeously uniformed ambassadors and ministers of all the leading countries of the world as spectators.

many mental caliber, but the geniuses of the world have lavished their art upon it. And the longer you look the more you realize that not one of them—not even our own incomparable Irving—has come up to the glorious mark. No doubt he did in emotions of the "inner man," but though words of classic elegance like his may paint the lily, what printer's ink can add its subtle fragrance? To this day painters swarm all over the Alhambra; while photographers, professional and amateurs, crowd each other at every turn. And of course

UBIQUITOUS SCRIBBLERS,

male and female, rush about, notebooks in hand, jotting down items for their papers concerning the work of pious hands that went to dust centuries ago—fairy tracery as fragile and delicate as a veil of lace, yet which has withstood wars and earthquake shock and the wear and tear of hundreds of years, making paltry commerce of the whole thing, as they do of the inscrutable face of the Sphinx and the mystery of the Pyramids.

Probably one reason why the Alhambra makes such deep impression upon the most stolid visitor is because every aesthetic sense is fully satisfied in all

ling to and fro—what combinations of color to delight an artist's soul! Copper-skinned gypsies, with blue-black hair, lounge about everywhere, as if watching a favorable opportunity for sticking a knife under your ribs and making off with your purse—the men in embroidered jackets with hanging silver buttons, scarlet fajas around their waists, and wide-brimmed, slouch sombreros; the women in bright pink and yellow petticoats, with enormous bunches of flowers pinned in their raven locks. None of the old masters could have asked for more effective groupings of figures than these—with their strange medley of gypsies, beggars, Moors, grandees and foreigners from every country; their pigs, goats, donkeys, dogs—the latter always named after Malampo, Cukilon or Lubina, because those were the names of the three favored animals that accompanied the shepherds to look upon the newly-born infant at Bethlehem, and dogs so named never go mad! Another charming peculiarity of the region is the great number of singing birds, and especially of nightingales. They flit at will through all the courts of the Alhambra, sacred and unmolested every where in Spain, because it is believed that they plucked the thorns from the

other age and the scenes of Arabian story. This great space, paved with

WHITE MARBLE

and surrounded by long lines of elegant colonnades of richly emblazoned horse-shoe arches resting upon delicately slender pillars—we recognize at once as the oft-described Plaza de los Aljibes, or Court of Myrtles. In its center is an immense basin, 130 feet long by 39 broad, in which innumerable gold fish are darting about. Yes, there must be magic in the place, for the instant our shadows fall upon the water—Prato! The gold-fish have all disappeared and the basin appears empty of every living thing! Retreat a few steps, and back they come, sporting gaily as before in the sunshine; but nothing shall induce us to believe that they are merely every-day timid gold-fish, frightened at human approach. The sides of the tank are lined with roses, and beyond are hedges of orange trees and myrtles and Japanese meddors. Arabic inscriptions cover the walls and galleries; and in the latter may yet be seen the identical jealousies that once screened from vulgar gaze the charms of the Sultan's harem. The burst of myrtles was the only part of the palace to which the public was ever admitted; and we read that even while the common enemy, the Christian, was thundering at the gates, it became the theater of frequent intrigues between hostile Moslem factions, to whose bitter feuds may be ascribed the downfall of the kingdom. Here were received the pictures of envoys of the distant east, who brought gifts and greetings from the lords of Ispahan and Cairo. Here also upon grand occasions were entertained the flower of Castilian chivalry, who came to compete for the prize of knightly skill, and here the fiery old Abul Hacen, surrounded by his several hundred wives, listened with gloomy foreboding to the predictions of the astrologer who announced the loss of his empire and the extinction of his race. He ordered the sur to be bow-strung at once, and endeavored to forget his fears in the caresses of his beautiful Zoraya. "Star of the morning!" but all the same, the feet of the nemesis overtook him.

Everywhere in the Alhambra we are struck with evidences that the architecture of the Arabs was essentially religious, and the offspring of the Koran, as Gothic architecture is of the Bible. The Koran's prohibition to represent any animal life must have badly hampered those Moslem sculptors. Probably that is the reason why the twelve lions, so-called, which have given name to the garden of the palace, the Court of Lions, look less like

KING OF BEASTS

than like dragons intended to scare away the Evil One. They have quadrangular legs, heads without manes, the front of the face as thick as the back, the nose hardly distinguishable from the cheeks, and waterpipes that look like cigarette holders in their mouths. No wonder all the lions have left the neighborhood of Morocco and have retired in disgust to the interior of Africa! Yet those Moors were wonderful sculptors, as testified by the mass of mural arabesques that somehow remind one of the polyphonic intricacies of modern music, and the floral ornamentations which Gautier says the "a kind of marble tapestry worked into the wall itself." The geometrical adornments were undoubtedly taken from the

cedar and painted with vermillion." We stand in the central alcoved windows, which formerly held the divan of the sultan, and look out over the balcony-railling, on which Irving loved to lean and enjoy the beauty of the landscape. It was in this room that the last but one of the Moorish sovereigns took to wife the captive Christian maiden, Isabel de Solis, and had her renamed "The Morning Star." His discarded sultana, Ayeshah, imprisoned in the tower above, fearing for the safety of her son, Boabdil, tore her garments into ropes and let him down from a window by night, into the Darro ravine. He escaped, and a few years later defeated his father. Ayeshah, the wise mother, at once urged upon him the importance of conciliating the powerful clans who had upheld King Abul-hasan; but the spirit of vengeance was too strong within the young man, and instead he invited all the powerful chiefs to a banquet and had them beheaded, one after another, in the marble-paved hall

How Are Your Bowels?



About the first thing the doctor says--

Then, "Let's see your tongue." Because bad tongue and bad bowels go together. Regulate the bowels, clean up the tongue. We all know that this is the way to keep and look well.

You can't keep the bowels healthy and regular with purges or bird-shot pills. They move you with awful gripes, then you're worse than ever.

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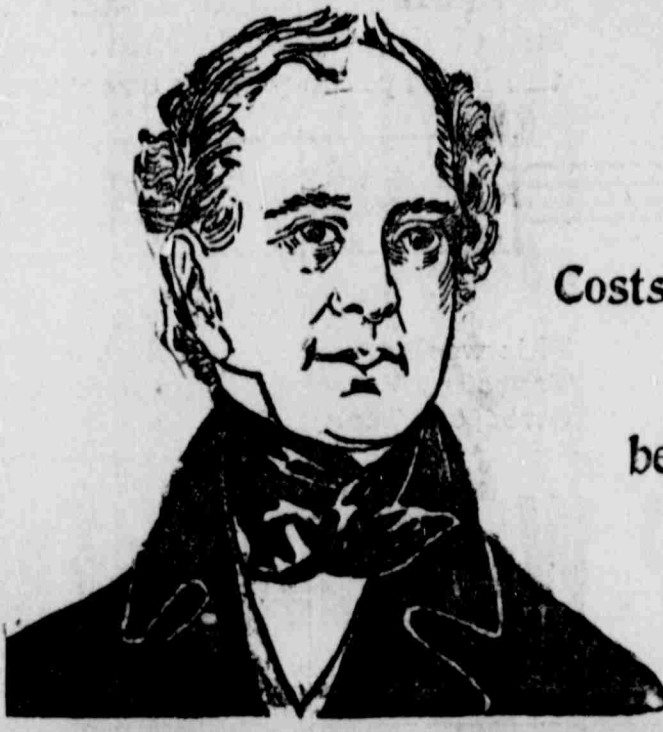


GEN. MILES WILL LEAD THE REGULARS.

The New Lieutenant General Will Ride at Their Head in the Inaugural Parade.

No figure in the inaugural parade, excepting President McKinley himself, will attract more attention than that of Gen. Nelson A. Miles, who has just been formally invested with the rank of lieutenant-general. He has long held the position of lieutenant-general, but it has been predicted by many that he would never attain the rank itself. In this matter Mr. McKinley has disappointed the would-be prophets.

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